The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1910. No. 39.

Note and Comment

The discussion created by Father Bernard Vaughan's addresses at Montreal goes merrily on. Why so much heat should have been engendered over them is a mystery. There was nothing improper about his going on record, in his forceful way, as to the merits and weaknesses of Roman Catholicism and Protestanism. The congress, which he was attending, was organized for the definite purpose of strengthening belief—the essential doctrines of the Church of Rome. Protestants, on the other hand, it was to be expected, would answer him, as was their perfect right. We have had such controversies before. The arguments used on each side are most of them several centuries old. Why then should anyone grow excited over them? The talk that has gone on in some circles about the papal forces endeavoring to regain in Canada the ground that they have lost in Europe need alarm no one. If they do make progress, it must be by carrying on the same kind of propaganda as is adopted by all the churches. There is no question of force involved. Father Bernard Vaughan simply made an appeal to the intelligence and religious feeling of Canadians. If Protestants can successfully answer him, their cause will be strengthened by reason of his attacks. So far from being deplored, his addresses should have a good effect in quickening religious thought. With people who are at all sensible they should give rise to no bitterness. Why should this noise over a difference of viewpoint in connection with any matter of conviction, religious or otherwise; It is easy to understand why one's feelings should be aroused when an effort is made to injure a man in his general public and private relations because he belongs to a certain church. This, of course, has been the deplorable feature of religious controversy at all time. But, thank Heaven, we are growing away from it. Each year the world is more and more disposed to take a man as it finds him and to judge him by the evidence which he gives of general good citizenship rather than by any theological opinions which he may or may not hold.

In a recent number of the New York Outlook, Mr. W. D. Gregory, who was closely associated with Dr. Goldwin Smith in the latter's Canadian journalistic work, has an admirable article on the distinguished publicist whose long and busy life recently came to a close. It is a most admirable bit of writing in every way. One striking passage is that which tells of an address delivered by Dr. Smith in Toronto at a gathering of the legal fraternity. A certain war fever was at its height at the time and all the early speakers exolled the military spirit. Dr. Smith did not explicitly criticize anything that had been said, but proceeded to point out the difference between the triumphs of the great military commanders of the palmy days of Rome and of those who at the same time labored in comparative obscurity to rear the stately edifice of the Roman law. All traces of the victories of the former, even the magnificent arches erected to celebrate their genius and valor, had long since disappeared, but the results of the work of the early lawyers was still felt everywhere. We cannot get along as yet without making very considerable provision for national defence, but there is still the tendency to overemphasize the importance of progress along military lines and we have to learn that progress for the most part depends upon the discharge of much homelier duties. The London Spectator recently published a poem entitled "The Plough," which is well worth reproduction. It runs:

From Egypt behind my oxen with their stately step and slow,
Northward and east and west I went to the desert sand and the snow;
Down through the centuries one by one, turning the clod to the shower,
Till there's never a land beneath the sun but has blossomed behind my power.

I slid through he sodden ricefields, with my grunting humpbacked steers,
I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in Rome's imperial years;
I was left in the half-drawn furrow when Coriolanus came
Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the north I went; white cliffs and a seaboard blue;
And my path was glad in the English grass as my stout red Devons drew;
My path was glad in the English grass, for behind me rippled and curled
The corn that was life to the sailor men that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the north again, and day by day drew down
A little more of the purple hills to join to my kingdom brown;
And the whaups wheeled out to the moorland, but the grey gulls stayed with me,
Where the Clydesdales drummed a marching song with their feathered feet on the lea.

Then the new lands called me westward; I found on the prairies wide
A toil to my stoutest daring, and a foe to test my pride;
But I stooped my strength to the stiff black loam, and I found my labor sweet
As I loosened the soil that was trampled firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then further away to the northward; outward and outward still
(But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there no plough may till)
Till I won to the plains unending, and there on the edge of the snow
I ribbed them the fenceless wheatfields, and taught them to reap and sow.

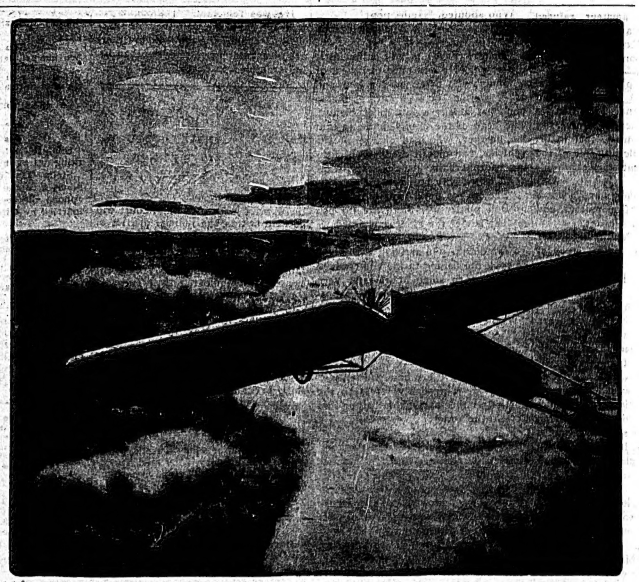
The sun of the southland called me; I turned her the rich brown lines
Where her Parametta peach trees grow and her green Mildura vines;
I drove her cattle before me, her dust, and her dying sheep;
I painted her rich plains golden, and taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen, with stately step and slow,
I have carried your weightiest burden, ye toilers that reap and sow!
I am the Ruler, the King, and I hold the world in fee!
Sword upon sword may ring, but the triumph shall rest with me!

It is about time that the slighting references to the provisions which Canada is making for national defence should cease. Commander Roper, one of the officers to whom the work of organization has been entrusted, made the following very sensible observation the other day:

"I hold no brief for the Canadian Government. I'm talking as a naval officer. The Government policy as regards the navy may be right, it may be wrong; but this I do say, and say with all the earnestness I can command: This policy has been framed by the representatives of the people and is now the law. Criticize the programme by all means, but do not let that criticism take the form of placing obstacles in the way of the navy, and also dragging the navy into party politics. Apart from anything else, the navy should be separated from and above party politics. The Canadian navy is a branch of the service of the Empire, and as such it is the duty of all Canadians and the whole of Canada to assist by their utmost endeavor in making it a great success and an efficient service."

The striking victory of the Democrats in the State of Maine, which elected a Governor of that party for the first time in thirty years, is an unmistakable evidence of what is coming in the general congressional elections in November. The Republicans will lose control of the House of Representatives. That is now admitted by leading members of the organization. The late whip, Mr. Watson of Indiana, says the majority will be about thirty. Of course, two years is a considerable distance to look ahead and with the leaders genuinely scared at present, it may be possible for the differences within the Republican ranks to be patched up by 1912, but unless a change comes soon a Democratic President and Democratic Senate are a certainty then. Dissatisfaction with the breaking of the party's pledges in regard to he tariff has been a very large factor in the insurgency which has produced such havoc in the ranks of the party that has been so long dominant, and the general fiscal outcry against fiscal oppression must result in a substantial reduction of burdens. To Canadians the movemen is of the greatest importance, as the high tariff wall that the United States has erected has stood in the way of a lowering of Canadian duties, so when it begins to topple over, we may expect to see some progress along the same lines here.



A RIDER OF THE WINDS.

My engine is crooning a love-song,
My planes cut the air with a sigh;
I float like a star o'er the earth down afar,
I am lord of the winds and the sky.

What matter if like a mechanic
I toiled there for all men to see?
For now do I soar up to high heaven's door,
And am king of all kings that may be.

I hover alone in the silence,
Which hangs like a cloak that enshrouds;
All around me there lie the white flocks of the sky,
The shepherd am I of the clouds.

To me speed of trains is but creeping,
I laugh at all vessels that sail;
With the swiftness of thought I set distance at nought,
And ride on the wings of the gale.

That is a good story Mr. E. H. Riley tells about being offered every office in the gift of the Government. He is too modest. Surely the Premier didn't stop at that!

Couldn't he have done the decent and offered to step down and out himself, or proffered a slice of that so-called rich plum cake, called the A. and G. W. graft. But probably he realized that as Riley was suffering from a bad case of indigestion, that wouldn't have been wise.

If the facts are as stated, the public have to congratulate the would-be Member for Gleichen that he showed the good sense he did in refusing all offers. It is the only sensible thing we have known him capable of up to date.

Of course there are two sides to every question. "That other Story" to which Kipling referred and which generally holds the key to a situation, has not yet been told in Mr. Riley's case. We would like to hear it.

What led to Riley's dissatisfaction?

Was it the A. and G. W. deal? Never!

Was it the delicate flattery of the one and only R. B. B.? Perhaps.

Was it a mixture of motives, in which spite, jealousy, and all uncharitableness figured? Most likely.

Riley is not, never was, and never will be, a big man.

He can, though, get off fairly well, speeches prepared for him, from the writings of the Immortal Political Orator, Richard Bedford B. of Calgary on the Bow.

And now these two political whales are off on a spouting tour. E. H. Riley is showing himself off to the people as the Sadly and Badly Used political martyr of Gleichen, while R. B. Bennett is again appearing in that little turn of his, which he terms whimsically "His Absolutely Independent Stand."

But one will remember the late political circus held during the last session at the Capital, when Riley attempted to carry off his cheap imitation of his dear friend, Richard, in the same broad-minded stunt, and only got himself jeered at, for the vindictiveness of his utterances, and the little meannesses he displayed at every turn. While Richard Bedford Bennett, who promised such big things before the Royal Commission, forgot to turn up when it came to a show-down the last few days—and so gave that honorable body a chance to get down to, and conclude, their business.

We are glad to see, however, that Mr. Bennett is on the rampage once more. Politics in Alberta, without him, would be one perpetual dreariness. Riley, though, we could do very well without. He is neither interesting nor instructive, and if he represents the independent politics of Alberta, one might very well, thus early, pray to be delivered from the body of that death. May we not in the following rhymelet substitute the Gleichen electorate in place of the "She" in the poem, and in the conclusion glimpse our dear Riley's fate?

He stood all irresolute, angry, perplexed,
She never before saw him look half so vexed,
Still she said, "If he talks all his life I won't flinch,"
And he talked, but he never could budge her an inch.

Indeed it begins to look as if Canada were destined to be one of the great "carrying" nations of the world. Already our ocean-going shipping compares favourably with that of the United States in spite of the disparity in our population. The tremendous growth in Canadian shipping has helped immensely to keep the British flag in the proud position of flying on more and greater ships than all the other nations of the world put together. Fifty years ago, the British flag floated over 54 per cent. of the world's shipping; today it floats over 59 per cent. And Canada has helped in that. The Canadian Pacific Railway alone has sixty-five ocean and lake vessels, and a traveller may go from Liverpool to Yokahama without leaving a C.P.R. conveyance.

If Canada continues her success in the maritime trade, it will have a profound effect on her national life. When Canadian ships are afloat on every ocean, and Canadian seamen are in every foreign port, we shall begin to know something of international law and international responsibility. We shall look upon the policing of the seas in a different way, and shall become more deeply interesting in the questions on which international peace depend. We shall have problems much broader than the price of lumber and wheat or the rate of duty on barbed wire and agricultural implements. International travel broadens the individual; international trade expands the horizon of the nation.

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THE LOUNGER

OLD SONG REJUVENATED.

I cannot wear the old hair,
I wore some months gone by,
I've laid it on the topmast shelf
With many a weary sigh.
No longer are they wearing puffs,
And rats are quite de trop;
I cannot wear the old hair—
Oh, what a cruel blow!

I cannot wear the old hair,
For which good gold I paid.
Red hair is so expensive when
One gets the proper shade.
I felt so dressed when it was coiffed,
All little puffs and curls;
But I can't wear the old hair,
Alas! for Fashion's whirls.

I cannot wear the old hair,
Four switches I must buy,
And wind them round and round my head
As flat as they will lie.
My face is far too plump for this;
My nose is much too long;
But I can't wear the old hair
It's altogether wrong.

Stage fright is a disease from which not all experienced actors are free What wonder, therefore, that it ravages the amateurs? A particularly distressing case is reported by a local amateur as having come under his own notice. The Shakespeare club of a certain city used to give threatical performances, notable for the local prominence of the actors.

Once, a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting, had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned.' As he stepped forward, his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a very high-pitched voice, "The swoon has queened.'

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt:

"The sween has quooned.'

Again the walls trembled, and the stage-manager said, in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "Come off, you fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed, "The quoon has sweened!"

For different people the immortal stories of the world have different messages. For instance, Prof. Charles Jueblin of the Chicago University said at a recetn dinner, that in his native town of Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair.

They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant.

In Sunday-school a Pendleton teacher told her punils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a small boy, hopeful that he had extracted some lesson from it. He had, indeed, taken it home.

"Joe," she said, "what do you learn from the Samson story?"

"It don't pay," piped Joe, feelingly, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."

Danny Wilmarth was a brakeman. One day while his train was on a side-track at a town in Ohio, another train that was doing some switching on the same track suddenly bumped into the caboose on the rear platform of which Danny was standing, and he was severely bruised. He was taken to a local hospital, where it was found that his injuries were so serious as to necessitate his remaining several weeks for treatment. At the end of a month he surprised his mother at her home in Pittsburg by walking into the house on crutches.

"Why, Danny!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? What has happened to you?"

"Why, I wrote and tolo you, mother," he answered, with a grin.

"No, son, you didn't. All you wrote was that you were going to quit railroading for a while; that you had found something else to do, and that it was an indoor job. You didn't say a word about getting hurt, or anything of that kind.'

"I surely did, mother. I told you what hapened to me.'

"You surely didn't!"

"How did I say I came to be staying in that town?"

"You said you happeend to be caught there between trains."

"Well, I was.'

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ADAM'S ADVANTAGES.

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."
—Success Magazine.

Whatever troubles Adam missed,
This must have made his sore—
When he and Mother Eve fell out
He couldn't slam the door.
—Birmingham Age Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam bore
He never had to grieve
Because a woman lived next door
Who coaxed the cook from Eve.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had
He was a lucky man,
He was not nightly told to dump
The icebox water pan.
—Detroit Fre Press.

Whatever troubles Adam had
He never had to stop
And sadly stare at older men
Who shouted, "Hello, pop!"
—New York Telegram.

Senator Frye is an enthusiastic fisherman. He was once the guest of a family who arranged for him and other visitors in Eastport, Maine, a picnic at a lake a few miles distant. The head of the family, noticing that his brother, who had charge of the vehicles, had placed a supply of fishing paraphernalia in one of the waggons, asked why he had done so.

"They're for Frye," was the reply.

"But, man alive, there are no fish in that lake!" the elder exclaimed.

"Well, Frye doesnt know it."

Frye didn't. On arriving at the lake he took the fishing tackle and trudged off, to return some hours later very warm and very much bitten by mosquitoes.

"Get any bites, Frye?" he was asked.

"Get any bites!" was the half indignant reply. "Look at my face!"

'Pa, what is 'the submerged tenth'?"

"Oh—er, it probably refers to the portion of the fashionable bather that gets in the water."

At a recent dinner of the Authors' club in London, Walter Emanuel, member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him after suffering long with a toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out the tooth, leaving him writhing in pain, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily.

He groaned, 'What's the joke?"

"Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.

The little Quaker sat behind two ladies of the four hundred at the opera.

"I am cold," complained one, so that he could hear.

He leaned forward and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"I think,' said he, "that what thee needs is another necklace."

A LUCKY CIRCUMSTANCE.

He was telling a thrilling story of a thousand and one hairbreadth escapes over in America, and his pretty listener was leaning anxiously toward him, eagerly drinking in his every word.

"The wolves were upon us," he said, "bellowing and roaring, as I have so often heard them. We fled for our lives! I don't deny it; but every second we knew the ravenous pack was gaining on us. At last they were so near that we could feel their muzzles against our legs—"

"Ah!" gasped out the lady. "How glad you must have ben they had their muzzles on!"

NOT HER FIRST CHOICE.

He was excessively fond of dancing, says a writer in the Utica Tribune. Also he was very clumsy, and like a good many other people, he was fondest of doing the thing he did worst.

She, too, was excessively fond of dancing, with the difference that she was the personification of grace. But now she was suffering. Already he had torn her train with his ungovernable feet, and her dainty slippers bore the marks of his shoes. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Let us sit out the rest of this dance," she suggested. "I am tired."

He was reluctant. 'I thought you said you could die waltzing," he said.

"So I could," she replied, "but there are pleasanter ways of dying than being trampled to death."

DISTRICT COURT SITTINGS

the district judges' criminal court will be held within the judicial district of Athabasca on the dates and at the places following during the year 1911:

St. Albert—Commencing Tuesday, January 31st; Saturday, May 6th; Tuesday, September 19th; Tuesday, December 12th.

Spruce Grove—Commencing Friday, January 15th; Wednesday, March 15th; Saturday, May 15th; Wednesday, October 11th.

Riviere Qui Barre—Commencing Wednesday, February 1st; Monday, May 8th; Wednesday, September 20th; Wednesday, December 13th.

Athabasca Landing—Commencing Monday, January 23rd; Monday, March 20th; Tuesday, May 30th; Monday, October 30th.

Legal—Commencing Tuesday, January 17th; Tuesday, May 9th; Thursday, October 5th; Thursday, November 30th.

Wabamun—Commencing Thursday, February 9th; Tuesday, April 18th; Tuesday, September 12th; Tuesday, November 21st.

Morinville—Commencing Wednesday, January 18th; Wednesday, May 10th; Friday, October 6th; Friday, December 1st.

Lac Ste. Anne—Commencing Friday, February 10th; Wednesday, April 19th; Wednesday, September 13th; Wednesday, November 22nd.

Stony Plain—Commencing Thursday, January 12th; Tuesday, March 14th; Friday, May 12th; Tuesday, October 10th.

St. Paul deas Metic—Commencing Tuesday, January 17th; Tuesday, March 7th; Tuesday, May 23rd; Tuesday, October 17th.

Dated at Edmonton this 26th day of August, 1910.

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The Modern Way.

"Will you have this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"That's what I 'lowed I would."

"Will you love, honor and obey her?"

"Ain't you got that switched around, parson?" asked the man.

"John," said the bride elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!"

"Yes, sir," said the bridegroom meekly. "I reckon I'll have to."—Frank L. Stanton.

Camped There by the River.

Camped there where the river
Is singing to the sea,
What cares he for glory
Where the
Fish
Bite
Free.

Camping folks a-shouting
Of offices to be,
But what cares he for office
Where the
Fish
Bite
Free.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Much Company.

"Have you ever loved before?" asked the coy maid.

"Yes," yawned the worldly young man, "but—er—never before a chaperon, two small brothers and a pet bulldog."

And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.—Chicago News.

To the Game!

Who does not hate to lie in bed,
Receiving drops of various med.,
Or spend his hours on a cot
In reach of pills in box or bot.?

Nay; this for all I loudly preach:
Go sit upon the sunny beach.
There mingle with the poor and rich
And cheer the home team's worthy pitch.
—Buffalo Express.

The Last Straw.

"I'll have ye know," said O'Houlihan warmly during the discussion about family trees, "that wan iv me ancistors was an Irish king!"

"So!" grinned Kleeberger. "Vas he the harp dot vunst through Tara's"—Just then the fight started.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Bass Fiddler.

Ach himmel, der nights when der odders
half sung
"Der Bells on Her Toes" yet, und, Gott,
He sings mitt his mights like a fiddle unstrung
Ven effery von hopes he would not!
—Kansas City Star.

The Latest Way.

Ella—Bella always wants to do something out of the ordinary.

Stella—That's so. When she heard about a couple getting married by telephone she decided that she would be married by wireless.—New York Press.

Pond Tragedy.

A tadpole out for a sail
Was struck by a horrible gale.
He cried "Help!" for a joke,
But his cry was a croak,
And that was the end of his tale.
—Cleveland Leader.

Heard in a Haberdashery.

Customer returning and putting down counterfeit coin received in change—I want a better half.

Clerk—Beg pardon, sir, but this isn't a matrimonial agency.—Boston Transcript.

The Inheritance.

The college got a million bones.
The heirs were very bitter.
But never mind. That school now owns
A star catcher, a spill
Pitcher and an elegant pinch hitter.
—Pittsburg Post.

Time to Escape.

"Why were you in such a hurry to escape from that man?"

"He told me he had just found out a way in which I could become very rich."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Revenge.

Like the lava from a crater
Came the gravy on his pate,
For he failed to tip the waiter,
So the waiter tipped the plate.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Bringing the Offer Up to Date.

Knicker—I would go through fire and water for you.

Stella—Air too?—New York Sun.

Varying Motives.

How different are the men who go
A hero's praise to swell!
Some cheer because they love him so,
And some just like to yell.
—Washington Star.

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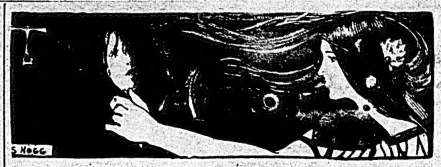

S. Hess

IN ABSENCE

I know that others wait like me,
But, oh, their eyes! They strike me blind.
'Tis when they're kindest that I see,
Now he's away, how his were kind.

The word each heart with good intent.
Speaks form the sorrow that it knows,
Reminds me that the sweetest scent
Comes with the wind that strews the rose.

And every clasp they reach to still
The ache, and show they understand
But proves the whole world cannot fill
This hand that 's empty of this hand.
—Charles T. Rogers in September Century.

"The Successful Wife and Her Husband," is the illuminating title of an extremely bad-tasting article I have just run across in the London Daily Mail. Quite frankly I dislike the contribution thoroughly from start to finish. Dislike the attitude assumed by the writetr that because one is successful and the other not, that therefore an antagonism and sense of injury and injustice exists between the two, and dislike it most of all because it insinuates that a sucessful woman must needs "look down' 'on a husband who has to play "second fiddle' to her first violin.

Here are extracts from the article. Judge for yourself:

"Nine times out of ten the young wife, when she married did not know her capabilities. Things, to give a rather frequent instance, generally happen in the following manner:

The husband, who had a fairly good position—the income he derived from it being sufficient for the happy couple—loses it owing to some unforeseen circumstances, and, after a time, finds another. But this time he is not so well paid, and financial trouble, with its usual accompaniments of worry and depression, cast a threatening shadow over the two. The wife, who is young and bright and possesses (what so many women possess) the courage to face adverse circumstances, proposes to the husband—who is careworn and who "lets himself go" (as so many men will do when in trouble) —that she should assist him by working. She suggests the putting to some remunerative use of her own particular talents. It may be millinery or dressmaking, teaching, or short-story writing.

He accepts—half-heartedly. It is very hard for the average man to give her that kind of "chance." He says very gently, to her that it is "not fair" that she should work; the care of their little household keeps her busy enough; he does not like the idea of her struggling for life; her health might be imperilled. . . and so forth. But in reality it is his "self-love" which is hurt. He has a vague fear lest she should succeed when he has failed; left she should earn more than he has been doing—estabi e shupsrbl .... been doing—establish her superiority.

Do not blame him. For centuries man has been the "lord and master," and it is painful to his inherited idea of his own and yet unchallenged notion of superiority to accept. . . . even an experiment.

And the experiment reveals her ability. She is successful. With that mighty feminine power—exclusively feminine—called intuition, with her knowledge and talents, and with her unflinching optimism and youthful enthusiasm, she "gets on." A year after she started to earn a living she finds that her income is twice "his" and that she is ever progressing while "he," in spite of the best of wills, with praiseworthy punctuality and steadiness, remains . . . where he was, and draws, week after week, the same mediocre salary with the same bitter resignation and humility.

There is pathos about such situations and that pathos increases as the difference in "their" respective positions becomes greater.

There is at present in Germany a very successful authoress whose husband until she began to write had some reputation. She has now totally eclipsed him, and he has to be satisfied with supplying small periodicals with his little stories. In Paris we know of at least three women painters whose names are famous, while their husbands are not. As for women writers whose works are well known, but whose husbands are pitifully successful, their number in France alone would amaze many a reader in these isles.

What can the husband do under these circumstances? He seems unable to improve his circumstances. She on the contrary, is favored bl the gods and by her own ability and spirit of enterprise. He cannot expect her to "drop" what she has achieved in sheer —and reckless—sympathy for his wounded pride. Besides, the harm is done, if harm there is. Also, he reaps many material advantages from the fact that he is blessed with a successful wife. But life in common is likely to become unbearable to him if she, the sucessful wife, take advantage of the situation. She should be careful and most considerate when handing him his "pocket money" for instance, lest he should feel that he is being paid a salary by his wife.

A day may come when husband and wife may consider themselves collaborators and partners in every way, and when each will make the most of the other's opportunities and capabilities. But that day is still distant.

Meanwhile a man need not be ashamed because his wife is more successful than he is—especially if that wife is kind, unaffected, "taking things for granted," and never hints, whether in words of attitude, at her temporary and apparent superiority.

All the same, I would rather not be that husband.

When a man and a woman embark on the sea of matrimony, the general supposition is that they set out, for better or worse, "together." One in their joys and sorows and hopes; comrades, whatever comes.

It is this idea of close fellowship of oneness, that is the very basis of the marriage relation. So that from the very inception of the foregoing article, the writer sets out following a false scene.

Success is a very relative term.

Some say it means "getting there," others money, position; each to his own way of thinking, but I can hardly conceive of any wife so ignoble, of any husband so little in mind, that because one had hard luck or a a decided talent and consequent success, and that he or she would look down on, or assume airs of superiority towards the other.

Of a surety the whole argument gives me a very unpleasant impression. For one woman who shines, how many men are under the limelight, modestly taking it only as a part of the day's work; their prominence in the public eye?

For one woman who "doles" out pocket-money to her husband, how many men of genius in the commercial and artistic world, give with a hand which knows no stint, freely, lovingly, with no idea of being a superior creature in doing so?

It should be a privilege, not a virtue, this helping the man or woman one loves best in the world. There should be no idea of favors given. Either this or the whole transaction becomes a travesty of married life.

Are the men and women who "arrive" in life the cleverest, the noblest, and the most gifted?

Would they always have attained the heights, if someone hadn't been there to cheer and help them?

Would Gladstone, and some of the other great men have achieved what they did, if they hadn't had the wives they had to point the way? Or would many successful women ever have been heard of, if their husbands hadn't stood back and given them the chance?. Oh, it isn't a case of first or second violins with the right kind of people. It's a case of one shining at the expense, or to the exclusion of, the other.

Isn't it the so-called poor second-fiddles who maintain the beautiful balance of a symphony; who accentuate the exquisite melodies; and generally support the "first violins"?

Away with the whole disagreeable subect. It likes me not.

Of all the wild, rakish, roosterish creations, commend me to this year's hats.

By the shades of our dear, long-forgotten great-grandmothers's sweet poke-bonnets, and broad-brimmed flower-crowded hats. By the shadows of Gainsborough's perfect creations, by the trig little toques we remember in our time, give us back our vanished sane and comely head-gear, and with it our modesty and sense of the eternal fitness of things. Who wants to Salome up from under an over-turned porridge basin, or cock one eye like a bold Robin Redbreast?

To what profit is it to bury one's crowning glory under a flat plate of a "bunnit," that looks as if an old setting hen had perched upon it?

Which is poetry, only excelled in rankness by the subject-matter of the rhyme.

Girls, girls, girls, whatever has come over us, at all, at all!

The helmets are the last straw. Whatever is the purpose of such ugliness? At a party, not long ago, a number of women had huge fun watching one of their number, chasing imaginary flies off her lily-white neck. In reality, it was only an ostrich aigrette that swept her delicate skin with every move she made.

What then, will it be this winter in crowded tea-rooms, when willow plumes give one a gentle switch in the eye, as proud-steping dames career about in search of their intimates; when a creature with only a mouth discernable, ambles along, buried in a coal-scuttle bonnet; when one's neighbor inquires solicitously for mutual sick friends from under a Chantecler confection?

I cannot, I dare not, and I will not, answer for my risibilities under such circumstances. We are we all gone mad, that we should bend our proud heads to that haughty autocrat, Dame Fashion, when she chooses to act in such a vicious and altogether unbecoming manner?

By the Gods, I rebel!

I have no ambitions barn-yardways. A stray wing suffices me; a simple plume at worst. In vain will Coque's plumes beckon an invitation, in vain will setting hens fluff their feathers to distract me. I will not be coal-skuttle, will not be a plate. But I shall wear what my own fancy listeth, a half in halfer that an illustrious milliner would scorn to tack her name to. For I am myself, and my clothes must took "me." Wherefore should I desire to be someone, or something else?

The fashionable woman is never an interesting woman, but an exquisitely-gowned and trigly-neat person always possesses an individual charm.

Does it strike you that the trend of fashion is an unerring guide to the culture and refinement of a period?

Let us go back to those beautiful days when daintily-exquisite flowered muslins and silks held high carnival, when filmy laces lent their ethereal touch, when women wore their own hair and were afraid of rats, and so chose their loves of bonnets as to display their natural tresses.

Pick up any dear old miniature, any faded dangerotype, and see is it not still as attractive, as truly beautiful, as in the days when pannier skirts, and Dolly Varden waists, set off the charms of these ancestors of ours? Can you imagine such aristocrats smoking cigarettes, or leering up at their friends, with one bold little, bad little eye?

No, because present-day hats are bold, and present-day women are likewise. We are losing our fine sense of proportion, and along with it, certain niceties of habits and predilections we will not readily regain.

In a day when the love of good old things is coming into its own again, let us restore the conglomoration of absurdities we have been pilfering to their rightful places. Back to the barnyard with the fowls, to the hearth with the coal-scuttle, give back, we ask, our vevlets and chiffons, our ribbons and laces. Is it asking too much?

A SAFE THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST

Safes, good safes, are something that interest all business men. The Morris Safe and Lock Company, who are general agents for "The Hall's Safe Company," of Cincinnati, Ohio, are handling a safe of which they are justly proud. Although they did not have an exhibit at the local exhibition, more value to the man who is interested in safes than any mere exhibit. They have proofs of the actual worth of the Hall's safe. These proofs come from Nelson, B. C., where one of their safes stood the extreme test of fire very successfully.

The following letters speak for themselves. They were sent to Mr. Percy Hall Johnson, the Calgary agent for the firm.

Percy H. Johnson, Esq.,
Norris Safe & Lock Co.,

(General Agts., The Halls Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.)
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:

At the request of your representative Mr. R. F. Stevens, who asked me to write you in regard to the recent fire of July 5th, which totally destroyed the Kreyscher Shingle Mill, and the Kootenay Engineering Works, Ltd., also a number of other houses. The fire was one of the worst and hottest Nelson ever had, destroying property worth $31,000. There is no building in Nelson that could burn and be any hotter than they have something which is of far that of the Kootenay Engineering Works, in which stood one of your No. 345 thin wall, double door, Hall's Safe. The heat was so intense that it was not approachable nearer than thirty yards, lasting about two hours. The water thrown towards it, with 130 pounds pressure per square inch, turned into steam and floated away on the breeze before reaching the burning flames. The dial was burned off, the bands twisted and the safe was badly warped from the intense heat, but it did the work it was built to do, for when opened by the magger of the Imperial Bank, Mr. J. M. Lay, the contents were in good order, which could hardly be expected of any safe.

I would gladly recommend the Hall safe as to its fireproof qualities.

Yours respectfully,
D. GUTHRIE,

Chief Nelson Fire Department,
Nelson, B. C.

Percy H. Johnson, Esq.,
Norris Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents., The Halls Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.)

Dear Sir:
(Kreyscher Shingle Mill Fire at Nelson, July 5, 1901.)

I am in receipt of your favor dated July 5th, and in compliance with request therein beg to inform you, that I have visited the scene of fire mentioned above and made a thorough examination of the Halls Safe, which came through this fire. With pleasure I am able to inform you that the safe has aparently suffered no damcondition. Understand contents age whatever. Interior is in perfect when removed showed no signs of damage. Am informed that this was an exceptionally hot fire, and it must be gratifying to learn that your safe stood the test so well.

J. A. McVICAR,
Trav. Auditor,
C. P. R.

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Cork Tipped
Cigarettes
The Oriental Smoke
Ten for ten cents
Smokers have caught on to their low price and fine quality

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IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA
Well-equipped Savings Department
Accounts may be opened for small sums as low as $1.00 and upwards.
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the services of our Depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.)
Capital Authorized, $10,000,000 Capital Subscribed $5,628,700
Capital Paid Up, $5,400,000.00 Reserve Fund, $5,400,000.00
Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper
Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account is solicited.
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INTERESTING INFORMING

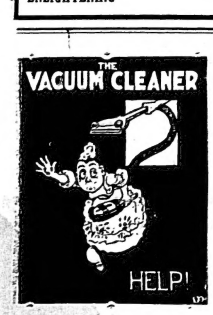
Friday Saturday

Volume 2 of the New Weekly European **Animated Gazette**

Friday Saturday

ENLIGHTENING ENTERTAINING

The



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have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.

R. Kenneth, Agent

EDMONTON TENT & MATTRESS CO. 619, SECOND STREET

Advertise in the News

Home and Society

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, of Edmonton, who has been visiting in Toronto, came on as far as Regina with Mrs. Blain on Monday, and after a short visit there, is expected home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowker are receiving shoals of congratulations and good wishes on the birth of a little daughter on Sunday last.

Mrs. Sydney Woods and her little family, not forgetting her new wee daughter, born at the Coast, and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hobson, returned on Monday from a delightful summer's camping on Bowen Island.

I see that Mrs. Bonchier and the O'Kellys are also back, having returned about a fortnight ago.

Mr. Charlesworth spent last week-end in Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cross left on Tuesday for Toronto and other Eastern points.

Mrs. Gorman had a pretty tea on Saturday last.

I hear that the Steeple-chasers, are endeavoring to form a Hunt club, and have written away to try and arrange for hounds. Messrs. Thibandeau, Adamson and Jamieson are the prime movers in the enterprise, which it is to be sincerely hoped goes through, as a Hunt club always adds a great deal of dash and eclat to a town.

Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. Turner will be the hostesses at the Golf clug tea, this Saturday afternoon.

As I think of it, the Westward Ho chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, are giving a musicale in Mrs. Pardee's handsome apartments over the Bank of Montreal, at eight-thirty on Thursday evening, September 29th. There will be a silver collection, instead of issuing a regular half-dollar ticket.

Among others who will take part is Miss Penelope Davies, whose music reputation is such as to need no further comment.

Mrs. Pardee was the hostess on Wednesday evening, of a jolly young people's bridge of five tables, given in honor of Miss Gertrude Hudspeth, of Port Hope, and Miss Craig, of Petrolea. One or two married women were present to add seriousness to the game, and one of their best players, Mrs. Bowen Campbell, carried off the dainty prize.

Mrs. Pardee received in a most becoming gown of navy blue silk, while Miss Hudspeth wore embroidered black net with touches of gold, adn Miss Craig a white satin frock.

Mrs. Hislop was one of the week's tea hostesses, having a few intimate friends in on Thursday afternoon for her guest, Miss Jenney, and also to meet Mrs. John F. Helmrel, of Vancouver.

It was a cherry fire-side party, tea being informally served in the cosy living-room, gay with lovely plants and flowers, the hostess looking like a happy little school girl in a fetching short white frock, and shoes, en suite.

Miss Jenny was wearing a simple, but very pretty frock of some pale pink sheer material, and assisted her hostess in doing the honors. Those present included Mrs. Cantley who brought her sister, Mrs. Hollwell, Mrs. Horace Harvey, Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Henwood and Mrs. Benson, of Golden, who had on a stunning white frock of Beoderie Asplaise, with a dashing hat with crimson flowers, Mrs. T. W. Lines, Mrs. Beck, and Mrs. Balmer Watt.

It has been a week of tea-parties, with hardly room to sandwich them in. One of the prettiest claimed Mrs. Henwood as hostess on Saturday afternoon, when her cosy house on MacKay Avenue was transformed into a perfect bower of pink sweet peas, hundreds upon hundreds of them, until the rooms were heavy with their fragrance, and one got to wondering how such a host of them were gathered together at all, at all.

Mrs. Henwood recived her guests in a dainty white lingerie frock, her sister, Mrs. Benson, assisting her and wearing a smart tan-colored crepe gown, piped and trimmed with black satin, with a gold yoke and gold cord accessories.

Mrs. T. W. Lines and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, both smartly gowned, presided over the tea table, a very effective arrangemen. of red roses and a handsome brass candelabra, with tooled shades. A number of the younger set assisted.

Some of those who enjoyed this pleasant hour over the tea cups were: Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Frank Sommerville, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Cantley, Mrs. Frith, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Hislop and Mrs. Duncan Smith.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Wolfe had a private exhibition at her home of some very beautiful East India laces, when a little group of women who love the dainty womanly craftsmanship, gathered "for to admire and for to see."

There were tiny filmy edgings and wide handsome samples, carved silver spoons, centre-pieces, doilies, and many more tempting offerings, and after an interesting hour spent in examining them, tea was served and much apreciated, the day being chilly and the pleasant grate fire most attractive. Noticed among others who dropped in, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Spratt, Mrs. Scobl , Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Walace MacDonald, Mrs. James Smith, and Mrs. Slocock.

I understand that the Sydney Woods are likely to move into the McPherson house on Sixteenth street, and that Major and Mrs. Cuthbert will shortly move down to their new official residence near "The Barracks."

Anumber of Edmonton callers, despite poor car service and a rather sultry day, went over the river on Tuesday to pay their dervirs to the Strathcona ladies who received on that afternoon.

It is a pity that there is not more interchange of courtesies betwen the two cities, as there are many charming women on the other side, one never seems to get the opportunity to meet.

Mrs. Benson had a great many visitors. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Agnes Wilson assisting her in receiving them Everyone speaks enthusiatically of this young matron, whoe bright and attractive manners are such as to make her many friends.

Last week I announced in error that Mr. and Mrs. Norman Soars were at "Updown." I should have written it, at the Arlington block, having Mr. Nash and Mr. Robinson's apartments during their absence from town.

Thanks to Lucy.

Mark Smith, former delegate from Arizona to congress and likely as not to be one of the new senators when the state is admitted, was born in Kentucky.

He says that in the town where he was born a new and youthful preacher was imported from New England to minister to the Presbyterian church.

On the first Sunday the senior deacon of the church took the minister aside and asked him to pray for Lucy Gray. The minister prayed fervently for Lucy, not only on that Sunday but on the two succeeding Sundays.

On the fourth Sunday the deacon came around and said, "Parson, you needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more."

"Why," asked the minister, "is she dead?"

"Dead? No," said the deacon; "she won."—Saturday Evening Post.

To a Beef Stew.

Some bards have dared in rhyme to eulogize
The terrapin—sweet dream of succulence.
From other lips enraptured paeans rise
To sparkling wine that with the sunlight vies.
Some Roman bards in epic strains have sung
Lucullian lampreys, fresh from marbled pools,
And pearls of poetry they oft have strung
Upon the thread of lark's or thrush's tongue.
Unmeasured risk, in raising pigs to view
As pieces in the literary game,
Charles Lamb has run.
But where, oh, where's the singer of beef stew?
Alas, the task of raising THAT to fame
Most writers shun.
(I do,
For one.)
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Handy Volume.

The Crow (sarcastically)—I suppose your life is an open book?

The Fox—And full of useful information too.

The Crow—How do you make that out?

The Fox—Quite frequently I'm hunted from cover to cover.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

True Love.

Said I to lovely Annabel,
"I love you more than tongue can tell"
"Dear me!"
Said she,
"That kind of talk will never do.
Pray, can't you think of something new?"

I felt her words within me rankle
Until I glimpsed her dainty ankle.
I sighed,
Then cried,
"No 'skeeter loves a low cut shoe,
My Anna, more than I love you!"
—Puck.

Some Immunities.

"It must be irksome," said the visitor to the penal institution, "to remain here and be designated merely by a number."

"Yes," replied the once affluent inmate, "A number is an annoyance. But you don't have to carry a bora and a lot of lanterns."—Washington Star.

Prepare to Dodge.

Beware the aviator's fall!
Oh, list the warning shout!
The aeroplane will get you all,
And tumble on you like a wall
And mash you very fine and small,
Unless you're watching out!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Deadly Fly.

A fly bacteriologically examined has been found to carry 100,000 bacteria.

Raisins.

Containing but 13 per cent of moisture and the balance almost wholly grape sugar (carbohydrates) the raisin is on a par with the date and the dried fig as an energy producer in the system.

Arizona.

In natural wonders Arizona is one of the most attractive parts of the United States. Its Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, a mile deep, its silicified trees or fossil forests, its vast panoramas of desert and sterile mountains that rise to a height of more than 12,000 feet above sea level, afford splendid visions for the sightseer.

Eli Terry's Clocks.

The first attempt to manufacture watches or clocks on a large scale in America was made by Eli Terry, a Connecticut Yankee, who invented wooden wheels for his clocks.

Coerced Domicile.

Italy retains a special form of banishment introduced under the Roman emperors known as coerced domicile. This punishment corresponds to the Roman deportation to an island and like it consists in criminals being confined to an island for a definite time and enjoying within its limits personal freedom.

Overfatigue.

Overfatigue lessens vitality and in consequence leaves the system more liable to fall a prey to any disease germs with which it comes in contact.

Boils.

Boils come from the staphylococcus pyogenes aureus and are very common in people with Bright's disease, diabetes, gout, tuberculosis and disorders of digestion and often appear after severe fevers. Boils are commonest in the spring, and sometimes epidemics of boils run through hospitals, jails, barracks and asylums.

Ancient Banks.

Banks existed in China, Babylon, Greece and Rome before the Christian era. The earliest records of European banks are those of Venice founded A. D. 1171.

STARLAND

Quite the most novel invention in the course of cinematography is the portrayal of the latest news from across the seas by means of motion pictures. The Animated Gazette is indeed a great success and the management of this up-to-date theatre deserve much credit for having procured it so quickly. It will be given every Friday and Saturday in addition to the usual programmes. "Bootles Baby," that touching tale of English army life is familiar to most of us. The Edison interpretation is an exceptionally good one, the characters being most natural. Whenever we see the name "Biograph" we know that we will enjoy the cream of American acting. Lately, the company has produced even more interesting and powerful plays than ever before. The present life as it is, the struggle and turmoil of the countless thousands, that we may benefit by their sad experiences, "The Way of the World," and "The Impalement," are both dramas of this type, simple yet powerful in their very lack of show. Some excellent films are billed for the coming week. Don't miss seeing the Animated Gazette every Friday and Saturday.

HOW MANY REALIZE THE MARVELLOUS VALUE OF FRUIT IN CURING MANY DISEASES?

Wonderful Success of "Fruit-a-tives" —The Famous Fruit Medicine

Fruit juice consists of about 91% water, 8% of sweet matter, and only 1% of an intensely bitter substance. Careful experiments show that it is this bitter principle, which is the active or medicinal material of fruit juice.

Under certain conditions, the bitter principle can be made to replace or transform some of the sweet atoms in the juice, thus making a new compound which is much more active medicinally than the ordinary juice.

Many fruits were analyzed and it was found that the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes gave the best results. These fruit juices, having been made more active by the secret process of changing the sweet principle into the bitter, are combined with tonics and antiseptics and made into tablets. These tablets are the famous fruit medicine—"Fruit-a-tives"—known in every part of Canada for their wonderful curative qualities in diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50 or trial size, 25c.

Steam as a Fertilizer.

For some time large growers of tomatoes, cucumbers and similar vegetables for the London market have been accustomed to inject steam into the soil with the view of destroying insects and slugs. The plan operates very well for that purpose, but the unexpected fact has developed that the soil thus treated increases greatly in fertility.

A Reasonable Fellow.

"What sort of a clerk does he make?"

"He's open to argument. And when I can convince him that a piece of work comes within his province and that he was hired to do it he is very efficient."

Makes Them Run.

Cityman—I suppose you have a dog on your place to keep tramps off?

Subbubs—No, but I have a horse that scares them away.

C.—A vicious horse?

S.—No, it's very quiet. It's a sawhorse.

Her Selection.

"What kind of cigars will you have," asked the dealer—"light, medium or strong?"

"Strong ones, by all means," said the blushing damsel. "Strong enough not to break in the young man's pocket, you know."

His Patent.

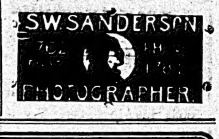
"A million dollars seems a trifle high, daughter."

"But he has a patent of nobility, dad."

"Well, let's be a bit cautious. When does this patent expire?"

Bad as a Bull in a China Shop.

On most voyages of a first-class ocean steamer about 3,000 pieces of glass and crockery are broken.



THE

Forbes-Taylor Co.

Costumiers

233 Jasper Avenue, West

Are showing this week an exquisite assortment of evening materials.

Crepe de Chenes
Crepe Arabians
Oriental Satins
Beaded Tunics
Sequin Robes